



A Bunch of Good Things.
Jack London Is Right.
When Prohibition Comes.

A BUNCH OF GOOD THINGS.

William Shakespeare, even when depicted as he still is, in ways the proud distinction of being quoted often and with much remark about his writing, was not as good as the other, and the other, the good things of life sometimes are not to be found in his writing.

For witness Honolulu at the present time, if you will, and see why Side lights make the observation.

The Pacific fleet and Admiral Sigsbee have been here for almost a week, and to get it mildly, we have all been very busy. The jolly tar on his feet, the lively man in his uniform, the fine-looking, immaculately clad officers at swell functions, and the Honolulu society leaders, alike fine-looking and able immaculately clad, at the same time, the sailor sightseer, and the owner of large blocks of stock in the Rapid Transit—they and all of us speak of it as a good thing.

And to add to the list, in good and proper time, after making a record trip of an average of four knots an hour, arrived in the harbor the good ship "Hattie," revenue cutter, U. S. A., having on board the proper complement of officers and crew, twenty-three tourists from Laysan Island, and a display of plumage which would make any "Chicago" State-street military establishment commendable advertising a special Easter sale.

And Ewa is at 24; and Oahu and McBryde holding out—the words used in their usual and not sporting sense—ladies of dividends, and no stock of any plantation depreciating.

But John Thomas De Boid's successful, if frosty, denning of a brand new, shiny, decidedly uncomfortable-looking, looking, historically and legally designated as the judicial emblem; the arrival of a large, money-spenders for of tourists; soul-lifting discussions of the prohibition question as applied to Hawaii, and many another pleasure were ours during the past few days.

Not is Fortunate yet through with her group of gifts. We are on the eve of the annual Chinese festival, known as New Year's Day, or Koi-ni, or whatever you may be pleased to call it. On Tuesday, at midnight, fireworks; not the cheap, fourth of July kind, but off singly or in small packs, but fireworks by the fathom and the bushel and the ton, will be exploded, rendering sleep impossible, and making one believe from the looks of the streets of Chinatown, that the severest winter ever known by Governor Cleghorn and other oldest inhabitants has produced the phenomena of a red snowstorm.

On Wednesday come Chinese confectionery, and Chinese receptions, and figures ranging from plain, every-day beer to costly champagne, and cigars, and best of all a cordial welcome from the most hospitable people in our midst. There may be a fly in the amber in the absence of cooks, but we overlook that. Let us hope that the shower shall continue even up to the Floral Parade.

JACK LONDON IS RIGHT.

The other afternoon, on my way from the fishmarket to King street to catch a car, I saw a crowd gathered in a room at the corner of King street and Nimitz avenue. Curious as to the cause, I rubbed, the polite Hawaiians rubbing their hats and giving me ample opportunity of observing what was transpiring.

I soon changed my mind about Jack London's veracity in one respect. Provincial we are, and no mistake. Behind a counter were two malilinis of the most pronounced type. One chanted a tale which took me back to Eastern country fair days. His subjected was knives and rings, seven of the latter to be traded for ten cents, and the former to be secured by you when encased by one of the rings. His siren tones induced many a Hawaiian to part with many a dime, but while I remained, the stock of cheap cutlery, stuck in the board at which you must throw the rings to get your money's worth, remained intact.

The eloquence of the other newly arrived gentleman was devoted to a discussion of the possibility of becoming the possessor of fabulous, Monte-Cristo, J. P. Morgan, wealth, should a queer looking arrow, propelled as to motive power by a spring gun, lodge in the correct number on a spinning wheel. Other numbers pierced entitled you to more moderate fortunes, and some of them to nothing at all. I had learned in my early youth that a line was something with length only, and that breadth and thickness were absent from its make up; but this cherished delusion was soon knocked out, as had many another been before. For whenever the arrow struck a line, no diamond pins or gold watches were passed out to you—and very soon did I come to realize that lines were extremely numerous and poorly. Three times might you spring the gun, taking careful aim at the revolving wheel, for twenty-five cents. Were you skillful and fortunate enough to miss a line, the sign, "no blanks" was active, and you became the proud and happy possessor of some article worth, under the law, not less than a dollar a gross; the particular article being determined not by your taste, fancy, or complexion, but by the number the arrow penetrated. And as one after another quarter was swept into the till, and one after another sharpshooter marked himself down as unlucky, the monotonous proclamation of "three shots for two bits, step up and try your luck, gents," continued. The author of "The Call of the Wild" might have been tempted and rubbed himself, but he certainly would have glommed, and insisted that the use of the word "provincial" was justifiable.

And the two dexterous and subjective gentlemen can't be reached by the law, for the gambling statutes are aimed at games of chance; and even a most liberal construction of this term would keep both games without the pale. A cash it is, pure and simple, and might also be made at it.

Down Palama way, so they tell me, a Jap, not to be outdone by his white fellow fakes, has set up the same kind of a performance. The prizes which are never won, and the jewelry which, six feet distant, looks pure and innocent and untarnished, are constructed in the Japanese order, and the invitation to participate in the contribution to the suffer of the proprietor is accompanied by all of the honorifics which the most rigid etiquette requires. But the result is the same, perhaps a trifle in favor of the Oriental, for his lines are more numerous and thicker.

The Aquarium, and these results will well repay a visit, for in all of them many fish of many colors may be seen.

WHEN PROHIBITION COMES TO HONOLULU.

I am in favor of prohibition, and trust that Lawyer Woolley's scathing arraignment of Joe Cohen, his direct depiction of the Hawaiians as a lot of lay children, minus will power and stamina, and for whom protection is absolutely necessary; his denunciation of our legislators, giving them a send off as to honesty and intelligence which would entitle them to seats in Albany, Harziburg, and other capitals of large States; and his general round up of the harsh, cruel methods employed by the minutiae, will properly impress congress, and that we shall be saved by Washington. The learned gentleman has certainly earned his fee.

The cause is a righteous one, and in the end must prevail. I trust I shall survive long enough to see Honolulu when it has won out. For surely will it be a changed city, differing as much from that of today, as does today's from that of the Honolulu when The Advertiser and Doctor Mettrow and the sugar industry were infants, and Japs, with excessive clothing, and automobiles, and Salvation Armies, and other things were unknown.

Think of it—of the changes which Woolley, after a long, patient, searching investigation, thinks should be made. No longer can political and other disreputable deals be fixed up in Chinatown, for that thoroughfare, with its liquid attachment, will be closed, and the general countenance and ever interesting bonnets of its proprietors will be heard only at Waikiki. The Elks Club, the Commercial Club, the Kiwiana Club, the Pacific Club, the Country Club, the University Club, the various Chinese and Japanese clubs, and the numerous wet washroom, which now spring up in a night, will all bear

conspicuous signs, admonishing members thereof that Bacchus may be wooed only by the pocket flask, behind the door, process. Conviviality of an alcoholic nature will have departed from the heart of the Hawaiian, where roast pig, and sweet potatoes, and rice, and many another beloved and traditional delicacy are now washed down the liver, and he strictly confined to course dinners, prepared by experienced cooks, given by those wealthy enough to import champagne, and other delicacies, and Fred Ellison will have formed a trust, one of the eight being that the latter shall, at Waiver, Hall and the brewery building, conduct a pineapple factory, or a champagne library. Secretary Wood of the Prohibition Committee will have bought a rubber stamp, and a red ink pad, and set off his own, and placed on all of his numerous folders the words "Tourists are directed to bring beer, the amount thereof to be determined by the proposed length of their visit and size of their thirst." Flower pots, adorning islands will no longer be made out of safe tubes, and our ferns will be compelled to sprout out and creep up from the depths of a White Rock ginger ale case, or from a box, formerly containing peanut shell flavored breakfast food.

The Portuguese will no longer manufacture wine from their small farm grapes. Tom Pritch and Tom T. Jones will have gone out of business, and for the last time will the Paradise be closed, because hopes of liberal fees from protectors on duties on the Japanese national drink have vanished. The Chinaman, recently deprived of any kind of opium, which is smuggled, will look even more stolid than at present, when sunshin is likewise taken away. The Russian, the Korean, the Hindu and the Porto Rican will write home, and tell their relatives about what a sober people we are, and even Trener could then secure twice as many manigrats as he did.

And with the "expansion"—for that is what they call it in congress—he successful.

THE BYSTANDER

(Continued from Page 4.)

I sat in my tracks, astounded, and stared wildly about me. The sound of a gentle snore drew my eyes toward a large desk near the window, and I saw seated in a chair at the desk a man—it seemed to be a man, anyway—who was almost as big one way as he was the other, if not bigger.

"Don't make any noise," cautioned the deputy. "The Marshal is asleep. He is troubled with insomnia."

I sat down and waited as quietly as possible for about half an hour, and finally I saw the eyes of the illustrious man open slowly. He blinked twice—I am sure it was twice, for I am always accurate in my observations—and yawned. Then he saw me and glared.

"I am sorry," I said, stepping up briskly, "if I have disturbed your nap."

"Nap? I wasn't asleep," replied the big man. "I never sleep. I am a sufferer from insomnia. Didn't you know that?"

I said I didn't.

"Well, you ought to know it, anyhow," he snapped. "Everybody else knows it, for I've told them all. I always tell everybody. What do you want, anyway?"

I replied that I had come to interview him on various matters.

"Well, you needn't," he said. "For it won't do you any good. I make it a rule never to tell anybody anything—except that I am troubled with insomnia. I never allow anybody to tell anybody anything. My assistant, Bob Breckons, worries me considerably. He is always telling people things."

I apologized humbly for having intruded my curiosity on the Marshal, and this appeared to mollify him somewhat. "What is it you want to know?" he asked.

I told him I would like to know how the criminal end of the United States government is run in Hawaii.

"Oh, is that all?" he said. "Well, I'll tell you that. I run it. Did you hear about how I got a confession out of a murderer the other day? No? Well, it was a shrewd piece of work. I just sat and looked him straight in the eye and cowed him. He actually quailed, and when Breckons—he's the United States district attorney, you know—asked him a few questions, he just broke down and told the whole story of the murder. It was the power of my hypnotic eye that did it. I didn't have to say a word. All I did was to look at him."

The Marshal blinked a somnolent eye at me and I expressed my astonishment at his ability. The other eye showed symptoms of blinking also, and I concluded it was time for me to go. Thanking the official for his interesting statements, I withdrew, just as the Marshal blinked both eyes. He opened them, however, before I had left the room, to remark, "If you write anything about me, don't forget to use my picture."

As I passed out, I asked one of the deputies what time it was.

"I can't tell you," he said. "You'll have to ask the Marshal."

"It looks like rain," I remarked as I left the office.

"I don't know," said the deputy. "You'll have to ask the Marshal."

From the marshal's office I went into that of United States District At-

ROBERT S. ANDREWS DIED YESTERDAY

Robert S. Andrews, the son of Robert W. Andrews, of Welles street, died yesterday, after an illness of some years' duration. The deceased was a young man, well known about the city and a prominent member of Excelsior Lodge, I. O. O. F. He was a native Honolulu and had lived the greater part of his life in this city. Three years ago he enlisted in the navy and served a year before being invalided home with the disease from which he died. The funeral, which will take place this afternoon at four o'clock from the residence of his father, will be under the auspices of the Excelsior Lodge.

NATURE TELLS YOU

As Many a Honolulu Reader Knows
Too Well.

When the kidneys are sick,
Nature tells you all about it.
The urine is nature's censor.
Infrequent or too frequent action;
Any urinary trouble tells of kidney ills.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills.

The following testimony proves it:
Mrs. Kate Gunn, 474 E. Georgia St., Memphis, Tenn., says: "My kidneys were badly disordered as was shown by the unnatural appearance of the secretions. I could not stand for any length of time, as the pains in my back became almost unbearable. I finally noticed a swelling in my knee-joints and ankles and moraines when I arose I was so stiff that I could scarcely stand. I did not sleep more than an hour at a time and I was very nervous. The physician whom I consulted said I had marked symptoms of Bright's disease, but their medicines made no improvement. I at last became discouraged and discontinued the doctors' treatments. Finally a friend urged me to try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills and though I had little faith in them, I did so. The results were extremely gratifying and I began to improve at once. In a remarkably short time I was restored to perfect health. I give Doan's Backache Kidney Pills the entire credit for my cure."

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and storekeepers at 50 cents per box (six boxes \$2.50) or will be mailed on receipt of price by the Hollister Drug Co., Honolulu, wholesale agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

torney Breckons. Mr. Breckons was in, his feet on the desk and an Arab in his mouth.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" he asked as I entered.

"What's that?" I demanded in astonishment.

"You might as well own up to it now," he said, for we'll get you, anyway. Tell me how you did it."

"I didn't do it," I said, "and if I did, I won't ever do it again. My name is Josher H. Bluffem."

"That's no excuse," replied the official. "The grand jury will indict you, anyway."

I finally managed to persuade Mr. Breckons that I had neither violated the game regulations nor killed a few birds on the side, and his manner grew less stern.

"What do you think of government by commission?" I asked when cordial relations had been established.

"I can't tell you," the district attorney replied. "Marshal Hendry has cautioned me to say nothing to anybody."

"Is Max Schlemmer the king of the poachers?" I inquired.

"I don't know," said the lawyer. "You'd better ask the Marshal when he wakes up. He is the only one who ever does anything here. Besides, he objects if I know anything. The only thing I know that he doesn't is whether or not his shoes need shining. He can't see them. Aside from that I don't know a thing."

I concluded that there was not much to be made out of interviewing federal officials, and went down the street to see Rudolph Buehly.

I found Mr. Buehly writing a temperance tract, but he graciously welcomed me and consented to give me his ideas on the prohibition question.

"Yes," he said, "prohibition is coming, and the sooner the better. It is time the liquor traffic were driven out of the country. We don't need it. I have been fighting it for a long time, and at last I think I see victory in sight. Liquor will be banished from Hawaii in a short time, and then we shall have more time for music."

"You don't play the violin, do you, Mr. Buehly? No? Well, I'm glad of it, for if you played as badly as you write, it would be worse than the liquor situation. But did you ever stop to think how many music lessons could be given with the money that is wasted for strong drink? No? Well, it is an interesting calculation, which I would advise you to make when you have nothing better to do."

"Have you heard that John Martin and Theodore Richards have severed their connection with the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association? No? Well, they are no longer connected with the rum-sellers, and it is greatly to their credit that they have the courage of their convictions and refuse any longer to be identified with the vicious traffic. By the way, did you ever hear me play the violin? No? Well, wait a minute and I'll play you a composition of my own entitled 'Down With Rum.'"

But I didn't wait. Instead I went to see Theodore Richards.

I met Mr. Richards just coming out of Cukia's alley—he had been to the postoffice and was coming back the shortest way.

"You want my views on prohibition?" he said. "Well, it would be a shame to publish them. I think this thing ought to be stopped, though. It is the entering wedge into the citadel of our rights—that sounds rather mixed, but I am quoting. 'If a man is not to be allowed to go and beat his wife when he feels like it, where are our rights? The right to get drunk is one of the inalienable privileges of man, and no one should be allowed to take it from him. It is the first nail in our coffin, the first leak in the dyke of our liberties. It must be stopped. John Martin says so.'"

"I found John Martin just painting a beer sign on one of Charlie Frazier's billboards."

"Ham H'I a prohibitioner?" he repeated in astonishment when I asked the question. "What? Me? Well, hardly. H'I believe that everyman 'as the right to drink hif 'e wants to. But it's his true that H'I 'ave severed my connection with the 'Olesale Liquor Dealers' Association. H'I ham no longer a member. H'I don't like this business of blacklisting 'th' blind pigs. Hits against the rules of the union. Ham H'I'm a union man."

This is all for today. I'll write you later. Hoping you are the same, or worse.

Yours,
JOSHER H. BLUFFEM.

For a place where it is said there is little doing, Honolulu was fairly active in the amusement line last night. In addition to the big ball for the sailors at the beach, there were seven moving picture shows in full flicker, a Valentine fair, a Chinese theater, two Japanese theaters, four street religious services, including one of the near Holy Roller variety, a riot, twenty-three fights, and the Salvation Army.

I am wondering what the expression on Frank Thompson's face would be if he opened a cable message from Honolulu that announced that the merchants' association and the chamber of commerce had endorsed the Woolley campaign for prohibition.

THE difference between a buyer and a reader is expressed in dollars. A majority of the subscribers to the Advertiser are the buyers of the community, the people who did most toward making last Christmas the best in the commercial history of Honolulu. You talk to the buyers when you advertise in the Advertiser. Phone us on 88.

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